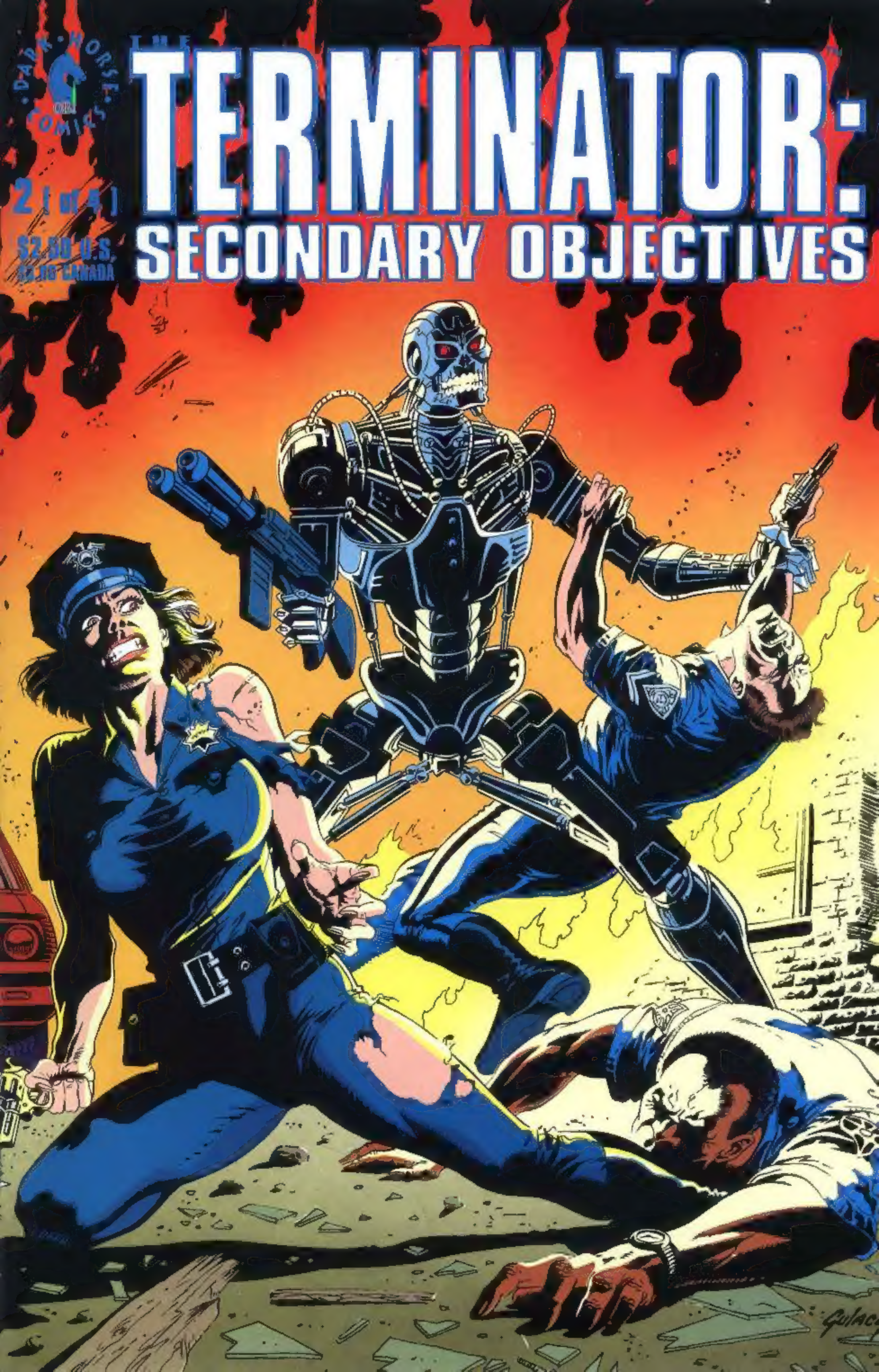

DARK HORSE COMICS
THE TERMINATOR: SECONDARY OBJECTIVES
2 (of 4)
$2.50 U.S.,
CANADA

JAMES ROBINSON
• writer

PAUL GULACY
• penciller, cover artist

KARL KESEL
• inker

GREGORY WRIGHT
• colorist

PAT BROSSEAU
• letterer

DIANA SCHUTZ
• editor

based on a plot by
MIKE RICHARDSON
and RANDY STRADLEY

MIKE RICHARDSON
• publisher

NEIL HANKERSON
• vice-president of operations

BOB SCHRECK
• marketing director

BRAD HORN
• controller

DEBBIE BYRD
• operations assistant

RANDY STRADLEY
• executive editor

DIANA SCHUTZ
• managing editor

BARBARA KESEL
JERRY PROSSER
CHRIS WARNER
• editorial staff

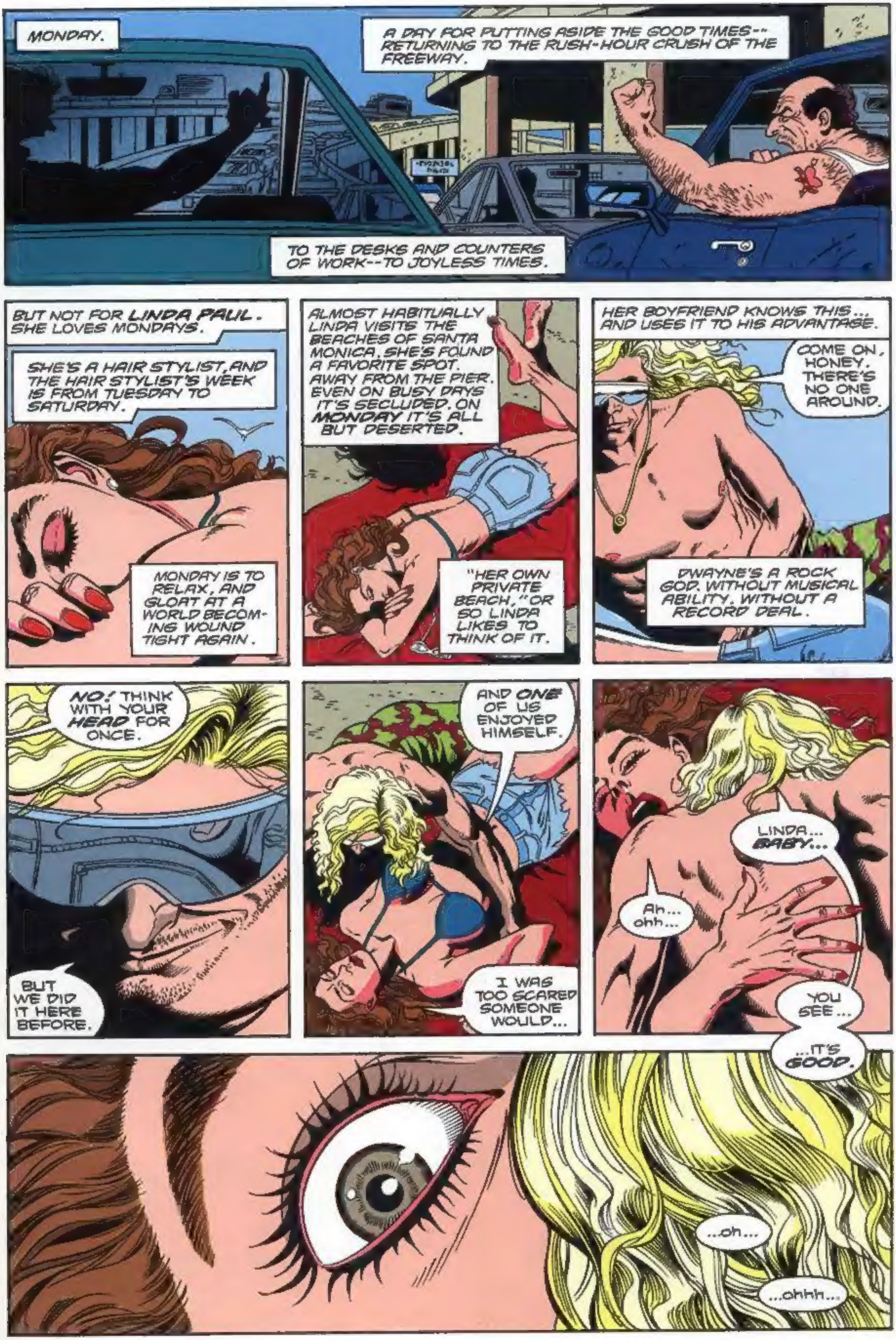
CECE CUTSFORTH
• art director

CHRIS CHALENOR
• production manager

STEVEN BIRCH
CARY GRAZZINI
RAY GRUEN
CAROLYN MEGYESI
FORREST NORVELL
JACK POLLOCK
STEVE POSEY
MONTY SHELDON
• production

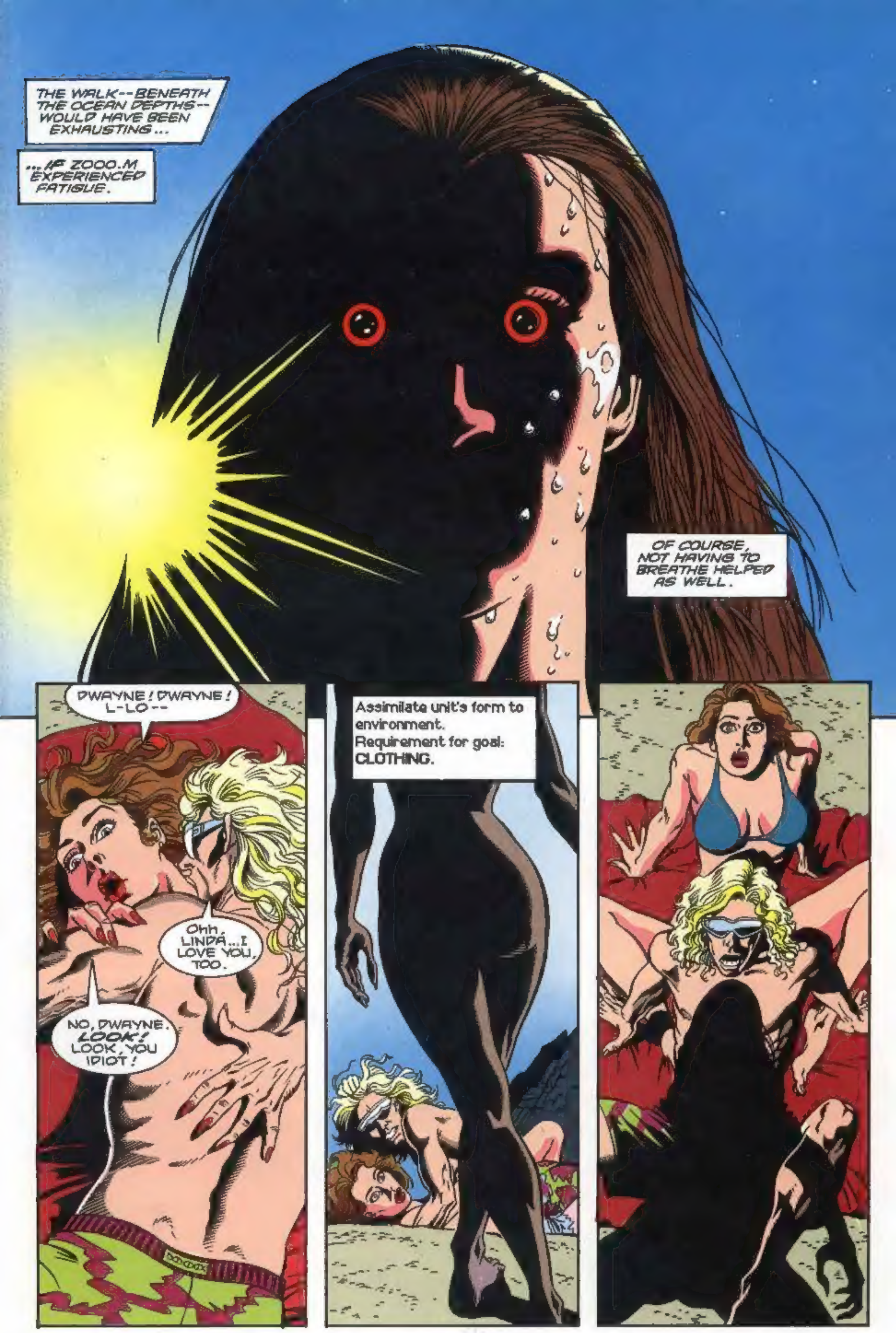
TIFFANY SCHLOBOHM
• receptionist

The Terminator™: Secondary Objectives #2, August 1991. A four-issue mini-series published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222. The Terminator™ is © 1984 Cinema '84, a Greenberg Brothers Partnership. All rights reserved. Licensed by Hemdale Film Corporation. The Terminator™ is a trademark of Cinema '84, a Greenberg Brothers Partnership. Text and illustrations for The Terminator™: Secondary Objectives #2 are © 1991 Cinema '84, a Greenberg Brothers Partnership. All rights reserved. Licensed by Hemdale Film Corporation. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1991 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this publication and those of any existing or pre-existing person or institution is intended and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. The Terminator™: Secondary Objectives is published monthly. PRINTED IN CANADA

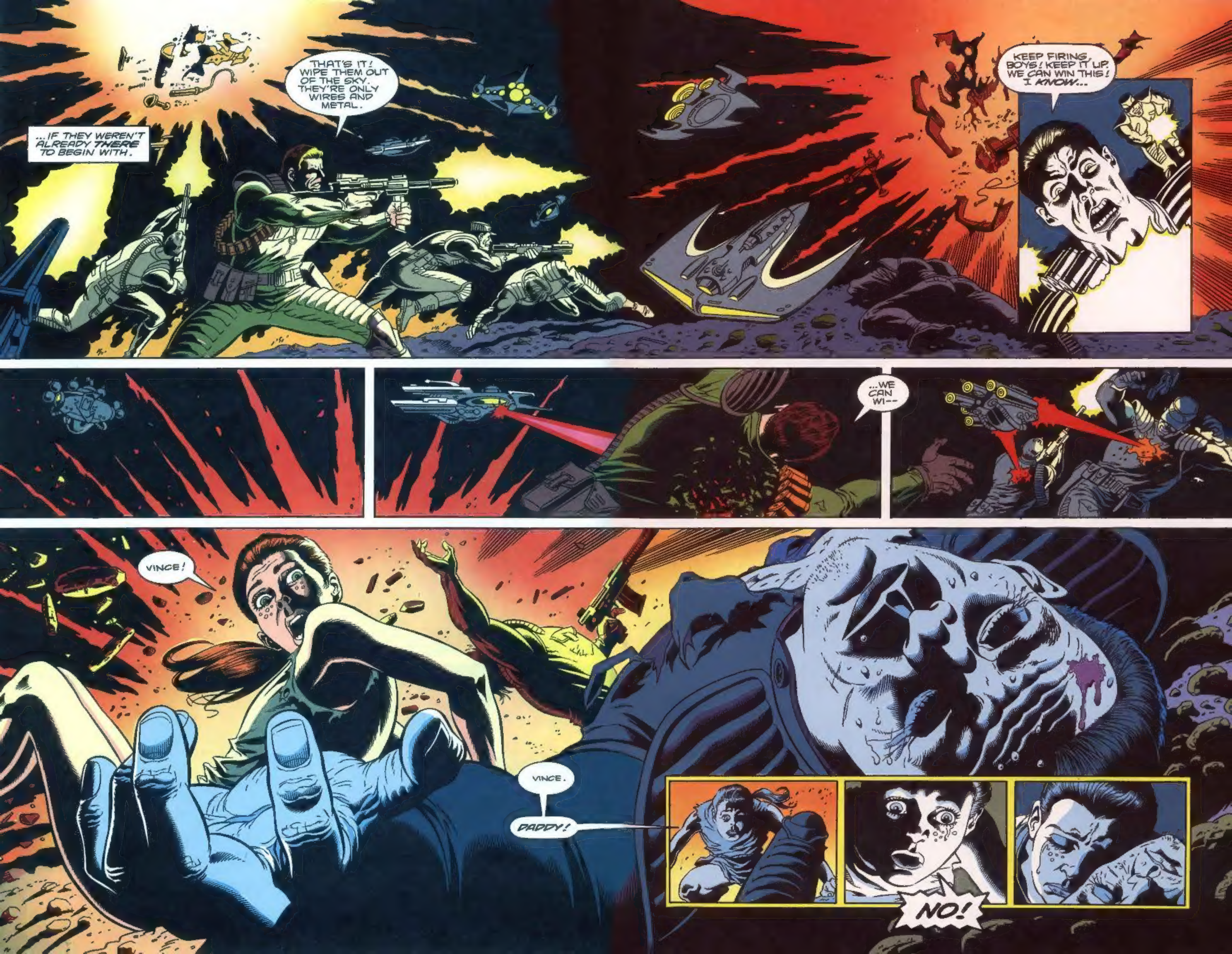


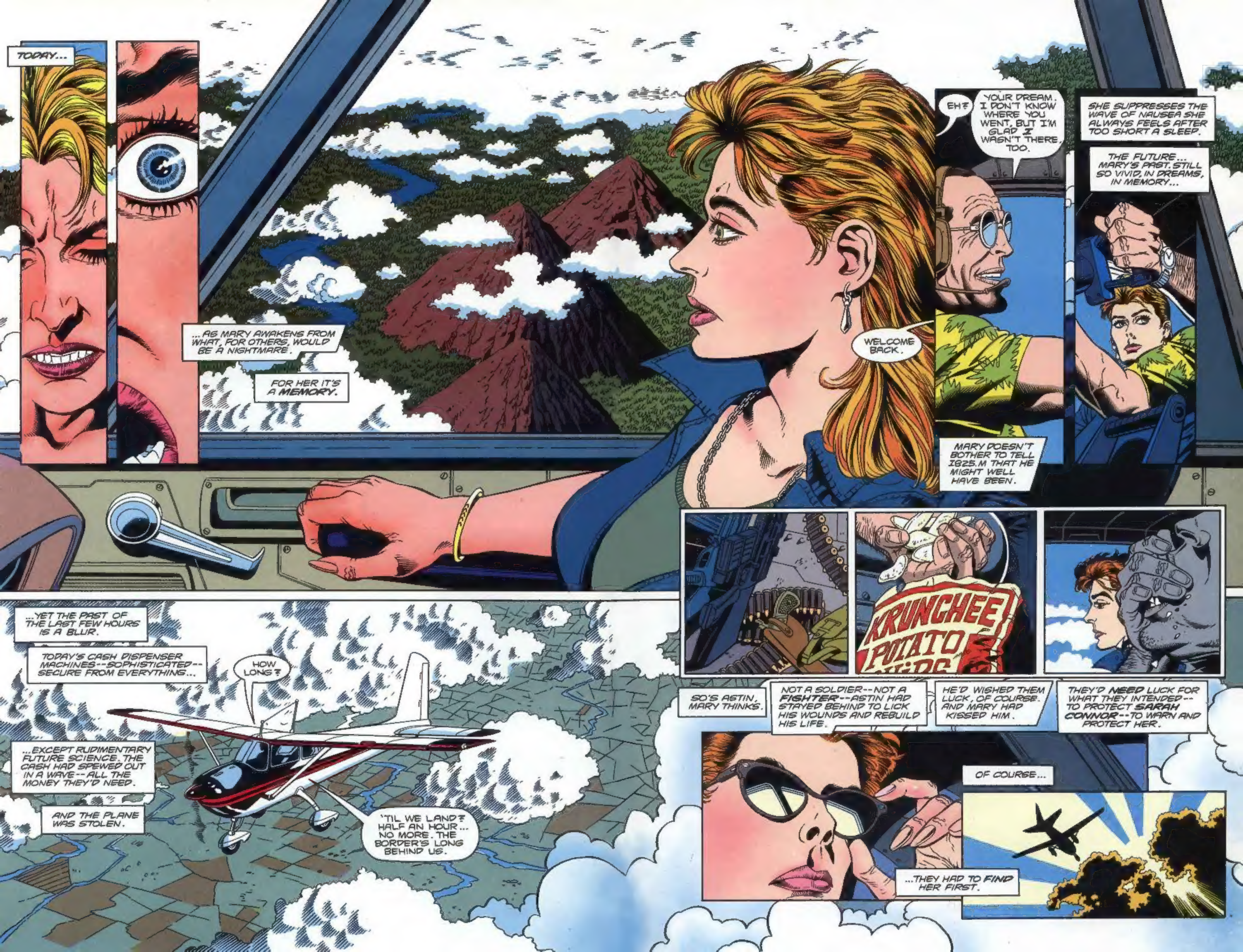
MONDAY.
A DAY FOR PUTTING ASIDE THE GOOD TIMES--RETURNING TO THE RUSH-HOUR CRUSH OF THE FREEWAY.
TO THE DESKS AND COUNTERS OF WORK--TO JOYLESS TIMES.
BUT NOT FOR LINDA PAUL. SHE LOVES MONDAYS.
SHE'S A HAIR STYLIST, AND THE HAIR STYLIST'S WEEK IS FROM TUESDAY TO SATURDAY.
MONDAY IS TO RELAX, AND GLOAT AT A WORLD BECOMING WOUND TIGHT AGAIN.
ALMOST HABITUALLY LINDA VISITS THE BEACHES OF SANTA MONICA. SHE'S FOUND A FAVORITE SPOT. AWAY FROM THE PIER. EVEN ON BUSY DAYS IT'S SECLUDED. ON MONDAY IT'S ALL BUT DESERTED.
"HER OWN PRIVATE BEACH," OR SO LINDA LIKES TO THINK OF IT.
HER BOYFRIEND KNOWS THIS... AND USES IT TO HIS ADVANTAGE.
COME ON, HONEY. THERE'S NO ONE AROUND.
DWAYNE'S A ROCK GOD. WITHOUT MUSICAL ABILITY. WITHOUT A RECORD DEAL.
NO! THINK WITH YOUR HEAD FOR ONCE.
BUT WE DID IT HERE BEFORE.
I WAS TOO SCARED SOMEONE WOULD...
AND ONE OF US ENJOYED HIMSELF.
LINDA... BABY...
Ah... ohh...
YOU SEE...
...IT'S GOOD.
...oh...
...ohhh...

...MY GOD!

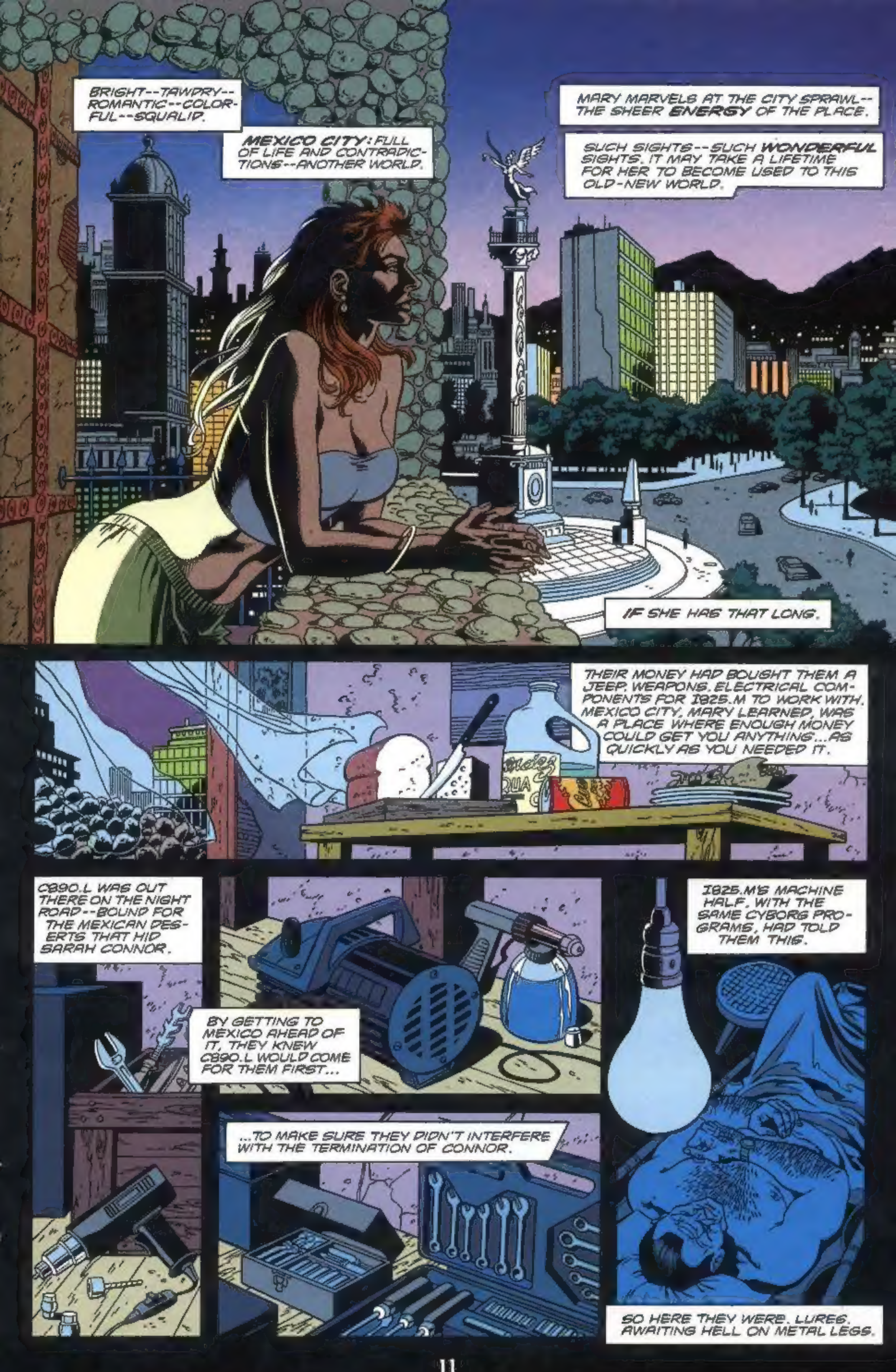

THE WALK--BENEATH THE OCEAN DEPTHS--WOULD HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTING...
...IF ZOOO.M EXPERIENCED FATIGUE.
OF COURSE, NOT HAVING TO BREATHE HELPED AS WELL.
DWAYNE! DWAYNE! L-LO--
OHH, LINDA...I LOVE YOU, TOO.
NO, DWAYNE. LOOK! LOOK, YOU IDIOT!
Assimilate unit's form to environment.
Requirement for goal:
CLOTHING.

THE FUTURE.
A MOMENT OUT IN THE OPEN, AWAY FROM THE SHADOWS, ENJOYED BY THOSE BRAVE--AND THOSE TOO YOUNG--TO KNOW THE DANGER. A MOMENT.
AND THEN...
GUNS ARE SNATCHED. AMMO CLIPPED IN PLACE.
CHILDREN ARE GATHERED.
ORDERS BARKED. HERE. THERE.
A YOUNGER MARY.
KHISSSSSHHHHHH
AND VINCE, THE LEADER OF THIS RAG-TAG GROUP.
A MAN MARY WOULD FOLLOW TO HELL AND BACK...

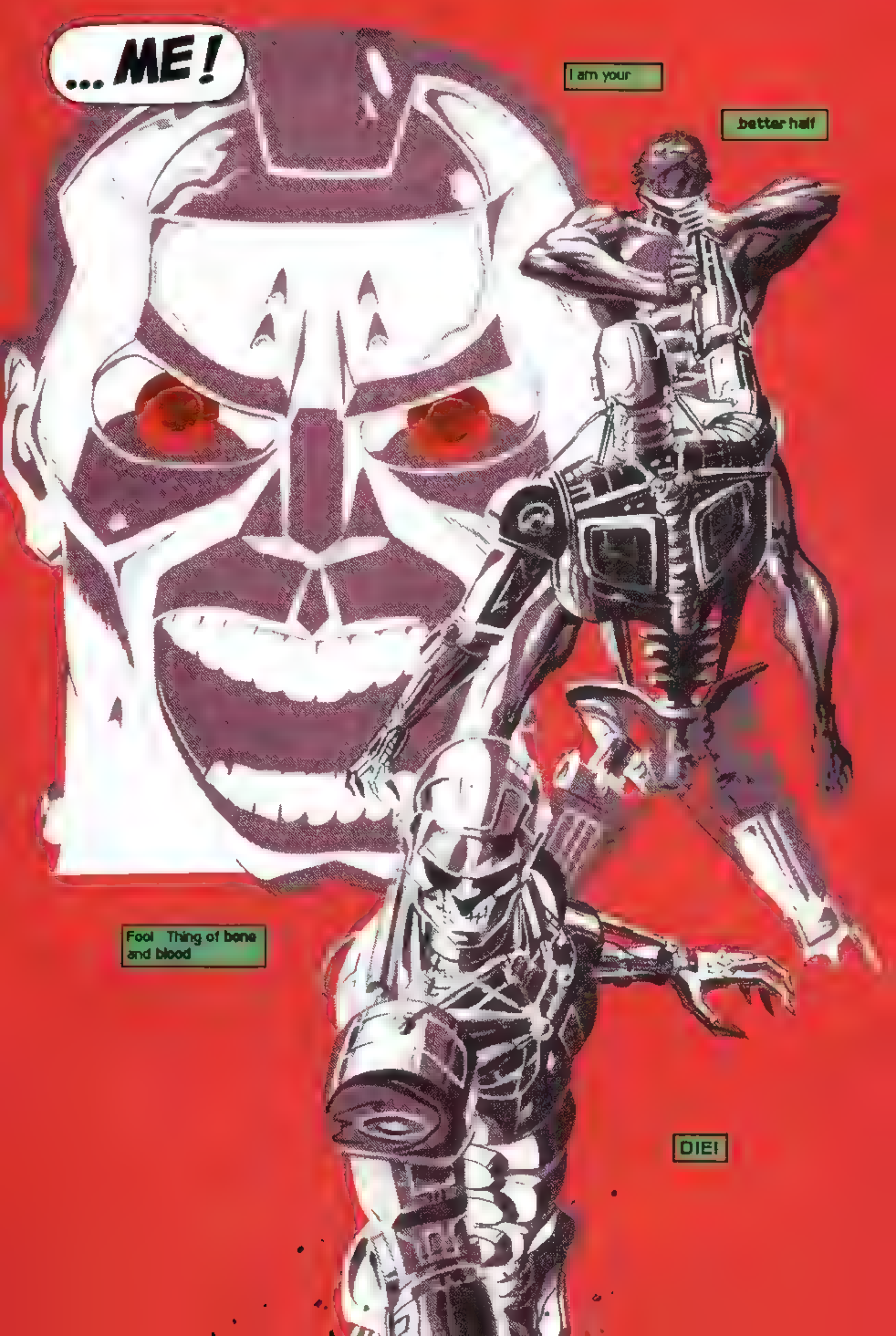

...IF THEY WEREN'T ALREADY THERE TO BEGIN WITH.
THAT'S IT! WIPE THEM OUT OF THE SKY. THEY'RE ONLY WIRES AND METAL.
KEEP FIRING, BOYS! KEEP IT UP. WE CAN WIN THIS! I KNOW...
...WE CAN WI--
VINCE!
VINCE.
DADDY!
NO!


TODAY...
...AS MARY AWAKENS FROM WHAT, FOR OTHERS, WOULD BE A NIGHTMARE.
FOR HER IT'S A **MEMORY.**
WELCOME BACK.
EH?
YOUR DREAM. I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WENT, BUT I'M GLAD *I* WASN'T THERE, TOO.
MARY DOESN'T BOTHER TO TELL 1825.M THAT HE MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN.
SHE SUPPRESSES THE WAVE OF NAUSEA SHE ALWAYS FEELS AFTER TOO SHORT A SLEEP.
THE FUTURE... MARY'S PAST. STILL SO VIVID, IN DREAMS, IN MEMORY...
...YET THE PAST OF THE LAST FEW HOURS IS A BLUR.
TODAY'S CASH DISPENSER MACHINES--SOPHISTICATED--SECURE FROM EVERYTHING...
...EXCEPT RUDIMENTARY FUTURE SCIENCE. THE CASH HAD SPEWED OUT IN A WAVE--ALL THE MONEY THEY'D NEED.
AND THE PLANE WAS STOLEN.
HOW LONG?
'TIL WE LAND? HALF AN HOUR... NO MORE. THE BORDER'S LONG BEHIND US.
KRUNCHEE POTATO
SO'S ASTIN, MARY THINKS.
NOT A SOLDIER--NOT A **FIGHTER**--ASTIN HAD STAYED BEHIND TO LICK HIS WOUNDS AND REBUILD HIS LIFE.
HE'D WISHED THEM LUCK, OF COURSE. AND MARY HAD KISSED HIM.
THEY'D **NEED** LUCK FOR WHAT THEY INTENDED--TO PROTECT **SARAH CONNOR**--TO WARN AND PROTECT HER.
OF COURSE...
...THEY HAD TO **FIND** HER FIRST.

SAMMY'S A MAN'S MAN.
HE DRINKS HIS FRIENDS UNDER THE TABLE, AND HIS JOKES ARE ALWAYS THE DIRTIEST. HE THINKS GUN CONTROL IS FOR FOOLS, AND THAT WOMEN ARE GOOD ONLY FOR ONE THING.
LIVING IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE HIS SAN DIEGO GUN SHOP, HE'S AWAKENED IN THE NIGHT--SOMEONE'S DOWNSTAIRS.
INSTEAD OF CALLING THE POLICE, HE GRABS HIS .45 AND GOES TO INVESTIGATE. SAMMY'S FEARLESS. **HE'S A MAN'S MAN.**
GUN SHOP
BUY · SELL · TRADE
UNFORTUNATELY, AND DESPITE INITIAL APPEARANCES...
...WHAT AWAITS HIM DOWNSTAIRS *ISN'T* A MAN.
POOR SAMMY.
Ammunition replenished.
Weapons augmented.
Goals attained.

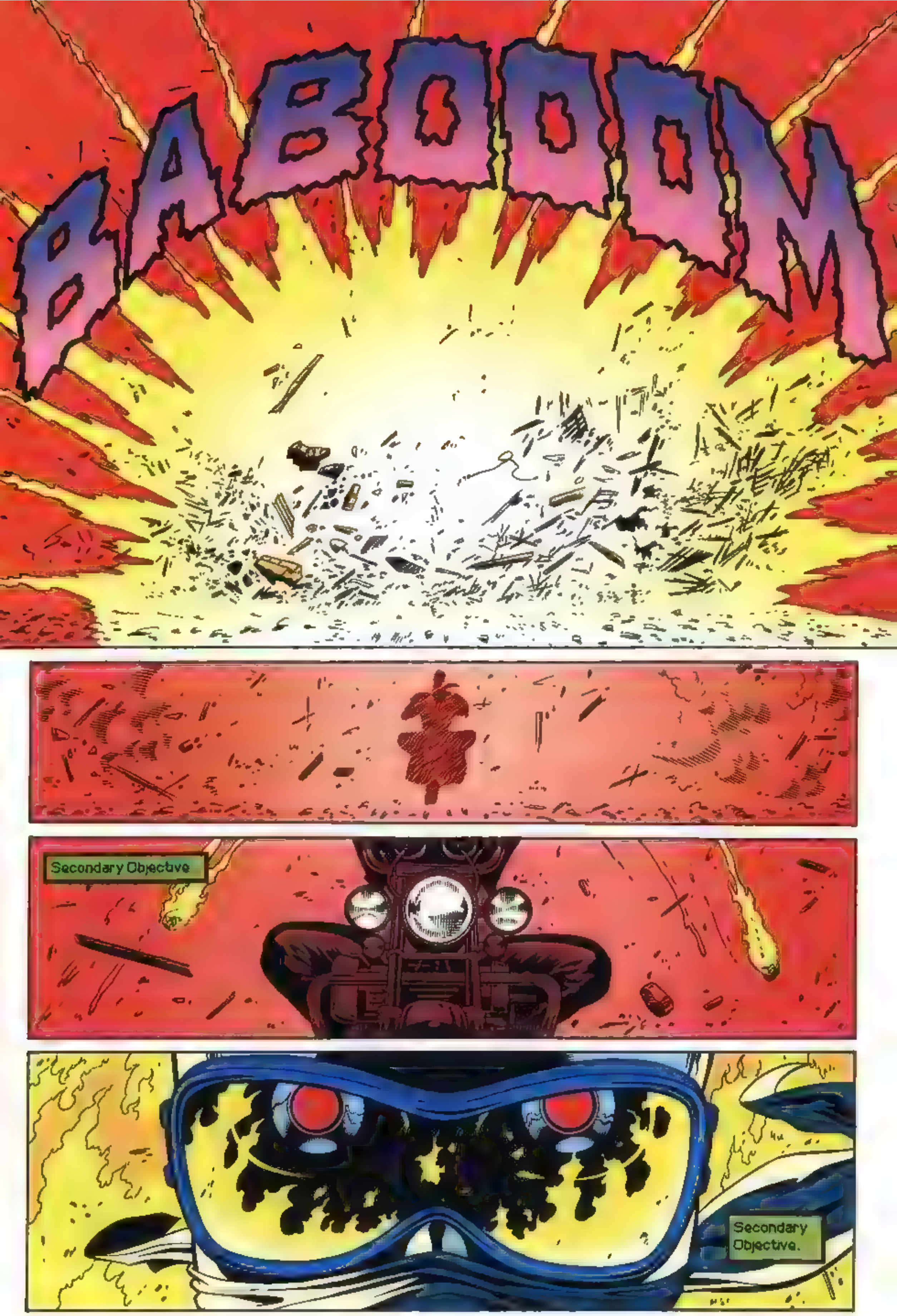

BRIGHT--TAWDRY--ROMANTIC--COLORFUL--SQUALID.
MEXICO CITY: FULL OF LIFE AND CONTRADICTIONS--ANOTHER WORLD.
MARY MARVELS AT THE CITY SPRAWL--THE SHEER ENERGY OF THE PLACE.
SUCH SIGHTS--SUCH WONDERFUL SIGHTS. IT MAY TAKE A LIFETIME FOR HER TO BECOME USED TO THIS OLD-NEW WORLD.
IF SHE HAS THAT LONG.
THEIR MONEY HAD BOUGHT THEM A JEEP, WEAPONS, ELECTRICAL COMPONENTS FOR I825.M TO WORK WITH. MEXICO CITY, MARY LEARNED, WAS A PLACE WHERE ENOUGH MONEY COULD GET YOU ANYTHING... AS QUICKLY AS YOU NEEDED IT.
C890.L WAS OUT THERE ON THE NIGHT ROAD--BOUND FOR THE MEXICAN DESERTS THAT HID SARAH CONNOR.
BY GETTING TO MEXICO AHEAD OF IT, THEY KNEW C890.L WOULD COME FOR THEM FIRST...
...TO MAKE SURE THEY DIDN'T INTERFERE WITH THE TERMINATION OF CONNOR.
I825.M'S MACHINE HALF, WITH THE SAME CYBORG PROGRAMS, HAD TOLD THEM THIS.
SO HERE THEY WERE. LURES. AWAITING HELL ON METAL LEGS.

I SHOULD WAKE HIM-- MARY LOOKS AT THE SLEEPING I825.M AND THINKS THIS.
HIS DEVICE, OUR DEFENSE AGAINST C990.L, IT HAS TO BE BUILT
BUT SLEEP...TO THINK, TO WORK, YOU NEED SLEEP.
LET HIM HAVE SOME TIME... HE DESERVES AN HOUR. MARY LOOKS DOWN AT THE SLUMBERING FORM AND ALLOWS HERSELF A SMILE.
AND SHE DESERVES AN HOUR. AN HOUR IN THE CITY--WALKING-- LOOKING
HER SMILE BROADENS WITH THE EXPECTATION OF IT.
MARY.
YOU'RE SOFT. WARM. HUMAN.
ARMS AND LEGS ENTWINE ME MUSCLE AND FLESH MARY.
Heh Fah
WHA...WHO ARE YO...? YOU...ARE...


...ME!
I am your
better half
Fool Thing of bone
and blood
DIE!

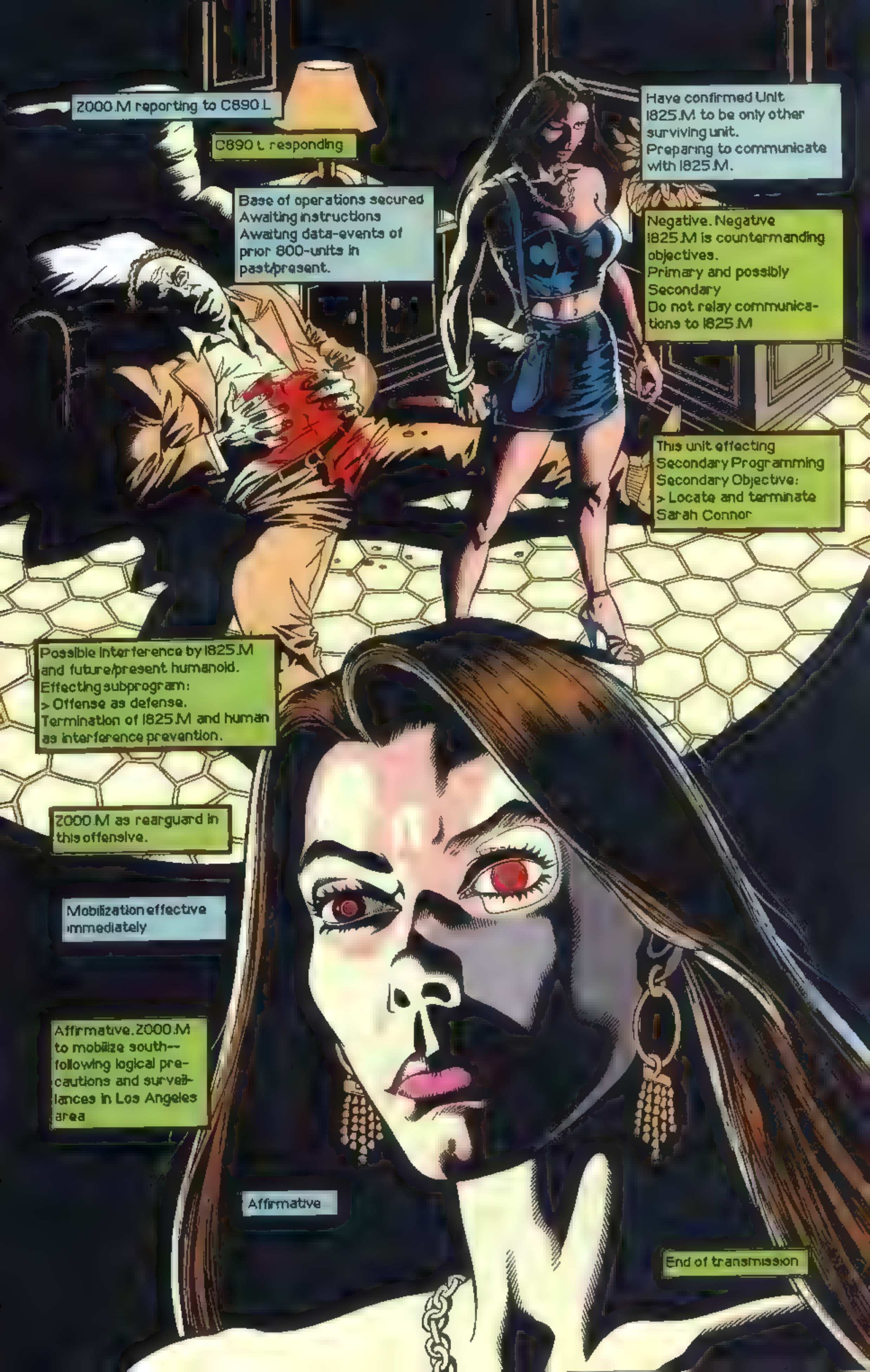
AAHHHH!
MARY ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WRESTLING WITH DEMONS
You are 1825.M
AT LEAST HERS GO WHEN SHE WAKES
You are 1825.M
NEGATIVE... I MEAN, NO! I AM...
1825.M, respond. C890.L unit requesting coordinates lock.
OHHH, HELL. MY DEMONS ARE BREEDING.
You are 1825.M.
1825.M, respond. C890.L unit requesting coordinates lock.
You are 1825.M.
USE WORK. WORK AND THOUGHT...TO CLEAR MY MIND OF C890.L'S TRANSMISSIONS -- AND MY OWN MECH THOUGHTS
THE DEVICE.
THE WORK.

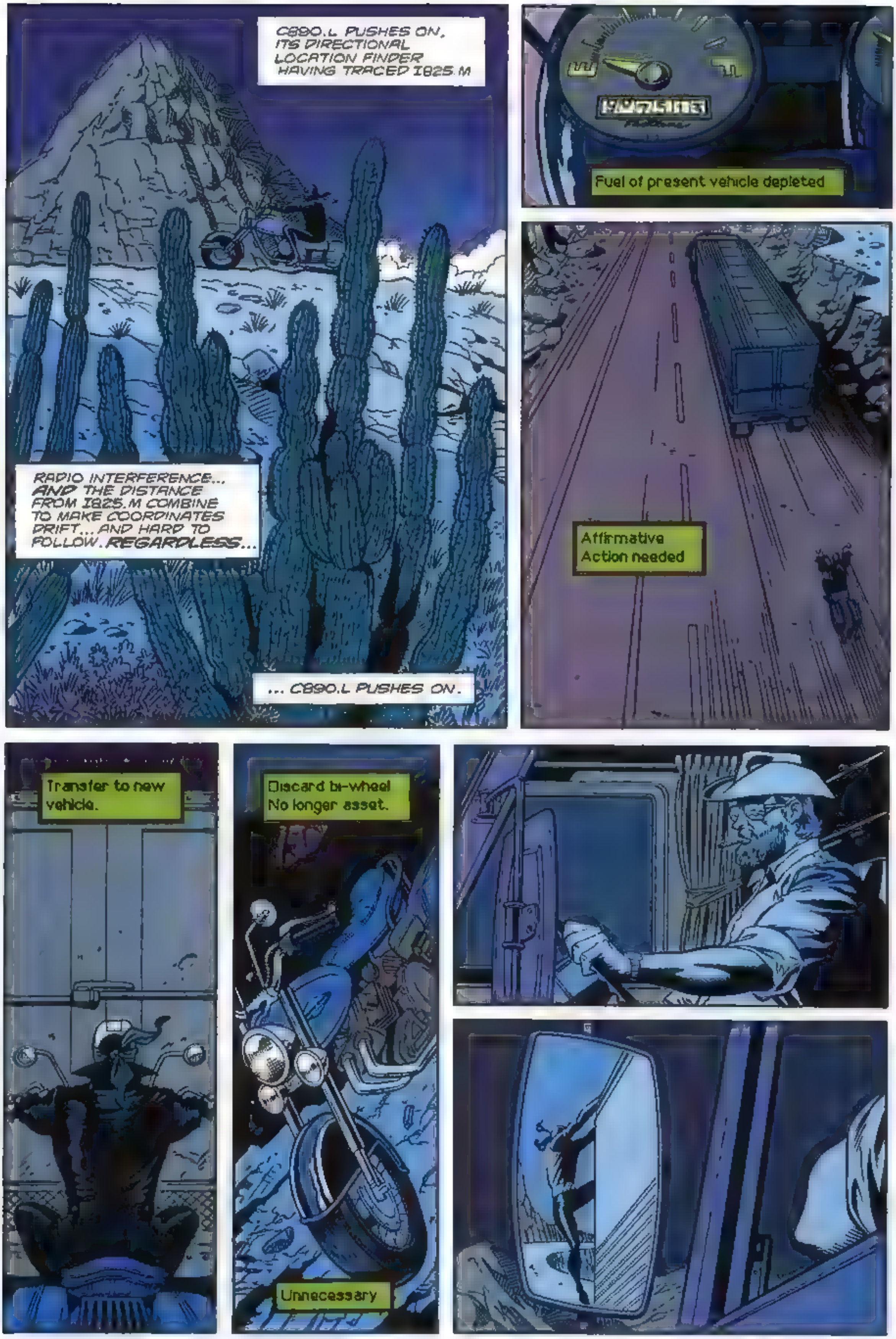
SLOANE USED TO TELL IBARRA...
...THAT MOST DETECTIVE WORK ISN'T THE SOLVING OF CLUES...
...BUT RATHER THE COLLECTING OF FACTS.
Astin
Hollister
Lab
explosion
cyberdyne
Robotics
Hollister
Astin
Robots
Robot
Robot?!
EL PALOS. SOUTH OF THE BORDER.
A TOWN SO SMALL, IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH THE NAMING. THREE BUILDINGS AND A GAS STATION. DWELLINGS, LIKE THEIR INHABITANTS, BLEACHED OF COLOR AND ENERGY BY THE SUN
GULF
SLEEPY. PEACEFUL. QUIET.


BABOOM
Secondary Objective
Secondary Objective.

EVERY FIVE OR TEN MINUTES HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH FACE
WATCHING THE TIME TICK AWAY.
HIS LIFE VANISHING SECOND BY SECOND--ED ASTIN FEELS LIKE CRYING.
MY LIFE'S CHANGED, HE THINKS. I'VE BEEN CHANGED.. BY THE VIOLENCE ... BY THE DANGER.
HE LOOKS ONCE MORE AT HIS WATCH. THE MINUTES PASS
AND ASTIN TAKES A CHANCE...
...THE CHANCE THAT A HARD MAN'S OUTLOOK HAS BEEN SOFTENED BY THOSE SAME EXPERIENCES.
HELLO, DR. HOLLISTER, THIS IS ED ASTIN.
ED.. ED MY BOY. I HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK!
I WASN'T SURE HOW YOU'D FEEL ABOUT M--
FEEL? I FEEL DISGUSTED... AT MYSELF... TRYING TO CREATE AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE! HUMANITY'S DESTRUCTION... THAT'S WHAT I... WE WERE DEVELOPING.
I'VE DECIDED... WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT SUCH TECHNOLOGY EVER BEING CREATED... BY ANYONE.
WE MUST MEET, ED-- TO PLAN THE NEXT STEP.
TWO DAYS? ALL RIGHT, TWO DAYS. I CAN'T WAIT.

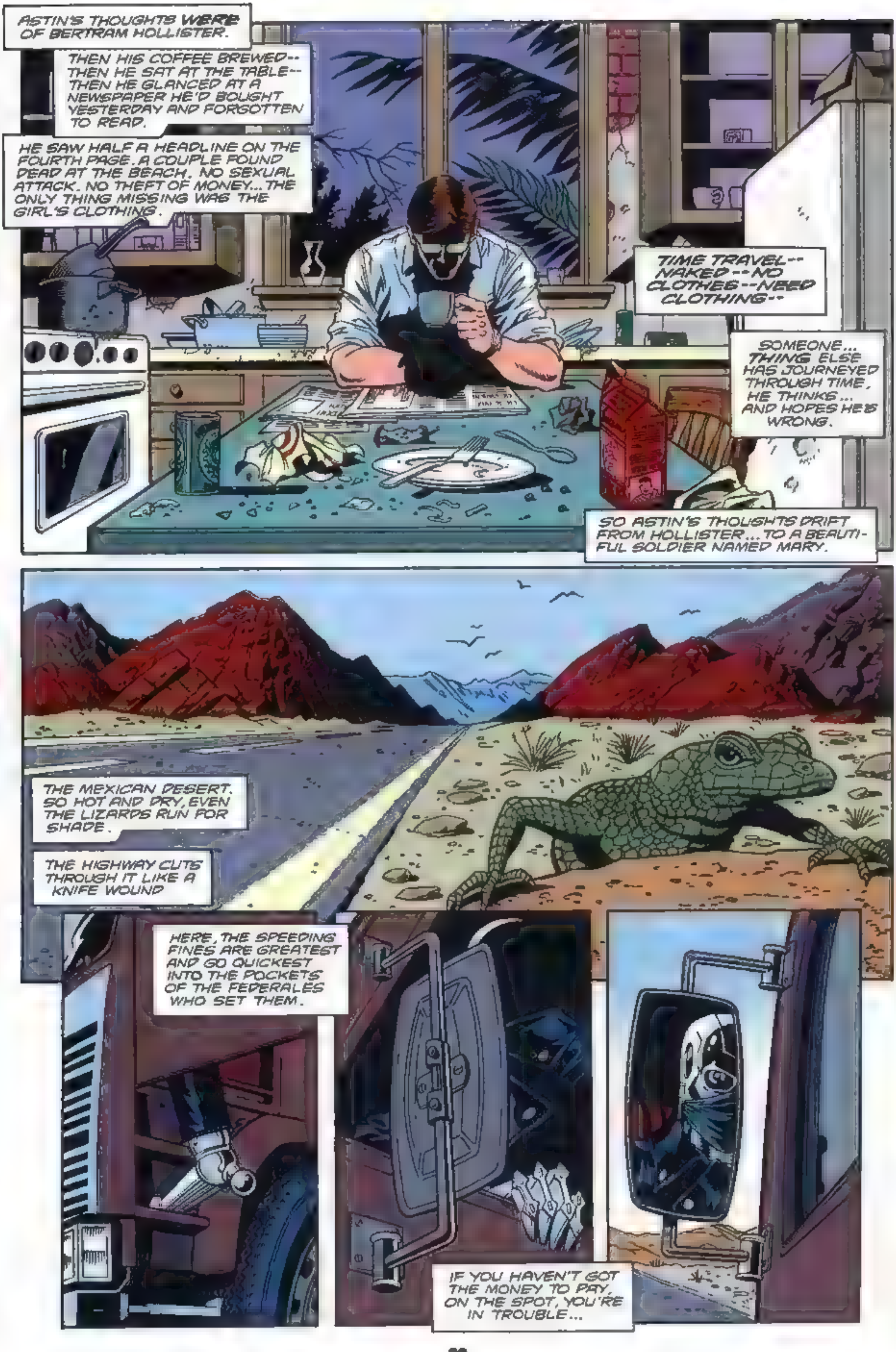
DAVID COLLINS IS AN ORDINARY GUY
HE WORKS IN A BANK AND COLLECTS BASEBALL CARDS HIS WAISTLINE IS PROOF THAT ALTHOUGH HE OWNS A GYM CARD, HE RARELY USES IT.
TUNK
AND MOST NIGHTS HE SLEEPS ALONE
LIKE SO MANY MEN AND WOMEN--VICTIMS OF A BIG AND FACELESS CITY--DAVID COLLINS IS A LONELY, AND SOLITARY, SOUL.
OR AT LEAST HE WAS
TONIGHT EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.
TONIGHT HE'S MET AN ABSOLUTELY STUNNING GIRL
SHE APPROACHED HIM, USING FEW WORDS BUT MUCH BODY LANGUAGE..
.. AND SOON THEY WERE LEAVING THE BAR THEY WERE IN.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG, THINKS DAVID.
WAIT A SECOND I... I'LL GET THE LIGHT
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, HE THINKS. I CAN'T WAIT TO...


Z000.M reporting to C890.L
C890.L responding
Base of operations secured
Awaiting instructions
Awaiting data-events of
prior 800-units in
past/present.
Have confirmed Unit
I825.M to be only other
surviving unit.
Preparing to communicate
with I825.M.
Negative. Negative
I825.M is countermanding
objectives.
Primary and possibly
Secondary
Do not relay communica-
tions to I825.M
This unit effecting
Secondary Programming
Secondary Objective:
> Locate and terminate
Sarah Connor
Possible interference by I825.M
and future/present humanoid.
Effecting subprogram:
> Offense as defense.
Termination of I825.M and human
as interference prevention.
Z000.M as rearguard in
this offensive.
Mobilization effective
immediately
Affirmative. Z000.M
to mobilize south--
following logical pre-
cautions and surveil-
lances in Los Angeles
area
Affirmative
End of transmission


C890.L PUSHES ON, ITS DIRECTIONAL LOCATION FINDER HAVING TRACED I825.M
RADIO INTERFERENCE... AND THE DISTANCE FROM I825.M COMBINE TO MAKE COORDINATES DRIFT... AND HARD TO FOLLOW. REGARDLESS...
... C890.L PUSHES ON.
Fuel of present vehicle depleted
Affirmative
Action needed
Transfer to new vehicle.
Discard bi-wheel
No longer asset.
Unnecessary

Discard vehicle's surplus haul
KREENCH
Unnecessary.
Discard human
Unnecessary
CB90 L PUSHES ON...SOUTH. TOWARDS MARY, 1825 M, AND EVENTUALLY SARAH CONNOR. ALL OF WHOM, NO DOUBT..
...IT ALSO FEELS ARE UNNECESSARY.
Soon, 1825 M...

SOON
SOON... IT WILL BE HERE. C890 L'S COMING... AND WE'RE NOT READY
MARY.. SHE'S SO CALM. SO SURE. SO...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MY WHAT?! MY NAME? YOU KNOW MY NAME.
NO, YOUR HUMAN NAME YOU ONCE HAD ONE, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WEREN'T BORN 1825.M.
NO, BUT I DON'T LIKE MY REAL NAME... NEVER HAVE
WELL... WHAT IS IT? WHAT NAME COULD BE SO BAD?
MY NAME'S DUDLEY
DUD... Ha. Ha. Hahaha. Y-YOU COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN A MORE IMPERFECT... HUMAN NAME IF YOU'D TRIED... Hahaha.
MARY LAUGHING.. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN HER. THE SIGHT GLADDENS ME.


ASTIN'S THOUGHTS WERE OF BERTRAM HOLLISTER.
THEN HIS COFFEE BREWED-- THEN HE SAT AT THE TABLE-- THEN HE GLANCED AT A NEWSPAPER HE'D BOUGHT YESTERDAY AND FORGOTTEN TO READ.
HE SAW HALF A HEADLINE ON THE FOURTH PAGE. A COUPLE FOUND DEAD AT THE BEACH. NO SEXUAL ATTACK. NO THEFT OF MONEY... THE ONLY THING MISSING WAS THE GIRL'S CLOTHING.
TIME TRAVEL-- NAKED --NO CLOTHES --NEED CLOTHING--
SOMEONE... THING ELSE HAS JOURNEYED THROUGH TIME, HE THINKS... AND HOPES HE'S WRONG.
SO ASTIN'S THOUGHTS DRIFT FROM HOLLISTER... TO A BEAUTIFUL SOLDIER NAMED MARY.
THE MEXICAN DESERT. SO HOT AND DRY, EVEN THE LIZARDS RUN FOR SHADE.
THE HIGHWAY CUTS THROUGH IT LIKE A KNIFE WOUND
HERE, THE SPEEDING FINES ARE GREATEST AND GO QUICKEST INTO THE POCKETS OF THE FEDERALES WHO SET THEM.
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY TO PAY, ON THE SPOT, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE...

...MOST OF THE TIME.

TERMINAL CASES

10956 S.E. MAIN STREET
MILWAUKIE, OR 97222

Dear Diana,

Much like the *Aliens* and *Predator* series, when the *Terminator* mini-series ended, *nothing* was resolved: The story seemed like an introduction to the next inevitable mini-series.

Don't get me wrong — the script, pencils, inks, colors, and composition were fine examples of dynamic sequential storytelling. It's just that the story didn't go anywhere.

I guess I've been spoiled. Great comics like *Grendel, Concrete, The American, Maus, V for Vendetta, Puma Blues, Kings In Disguise, Denizens of Deep City, St. Swithin's Day, Troubled Souls,* and *Sandman* and *Sinner* not only tell well-written, well-illustrated stories but also have a motive or message to their stories. There's nothing wrong with flat-out, pedal-to-the-metal action/adventure stories. I occasionally read Caniff's *Steve Canyon* or Eisner's *The Spirit* for that kind of experience, but in the U.S. where most all comics are escapist power fantasies, I crave something different. *Exquisite Corpse* is the most recent Dark Horse title to offer something more than the shallow physical confrontations I can get from other companies (if I wanted them).

I read the Chris Warner interview in *ARK* the other day. He spoke about passion in comics. He said, "There are so few works in the comics field where the artist has felt passionately about his work." So true. He refused to refer to his own work as "art." He said, "I did *Predator* for the money. I knew it would be successful, and I needed the money to pay my taxes." While I greatly respect Chris's honesty, I'm not really excited about this attitude. I'm fully aware that America is capitalism, but I'd prefer passion. I played music for a living once upon a time, but there was money involved so I had to perform the type of tunes that would sell the product best. Limited artistic freedom — an oxymoron?

Now, as you know, I sell comics, and if someone says to me, "How's the new issue of *Goat Rider*?" I can say, "It's terrible, repetitious, adolescent drivel like it always is." I don't get commissions. I can say, "If you're still reading super-hero comics, at least read ones written with a bit of intelligence and artistic integrity. Try *Miracleman, Zot!,* or *The Jam* **[yah — hi, Bernie]**. Fortunately, I don't have to compromise my opinions to earn a living. I pray I never will.

"...most all comics are escapist power fantasies..."

Of course, *Goat Rider* will sell more copies and be worth much more money than *Zot!, Puma Blues,* and *Grendel* combined, but what can you expect in a nation that has *Roseanne* and *Married With Children* as top TV shows, and McDonald's and Burger King as the most popular American restaurants?

Thanks for listening to me rant.

Peace and Light,
Charlie Harris
2944 N. Euclid Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85719-2526

But, Charlie, I really like *Roseanne* — or, at least, I did when I had a TV. Seriously, though, there are several points to be made here. The first is: different strokes for different folks. You may very well have outgrown your (fictitious) *Goat Rider*, but the child asking your opinion may not have. My own current reading tastes are nothing like what they were as a teen; that doesn't mean Agatha Christie's work is any less significant overall, only that it no longer satisfies my present literary cravings.

Second, although you aren't guilty of this in your letter, it's worth pointing out that licensed comics in general get an undeserved bad rap. Unfortunately, because *some* companies tend to treat licensed product as exactly that — *product* — all licensing efforts seem to fall under a certain stigma, so far as the comics intelligentsia is concerned. And it's simply *not* the case that because an artist embarks on a licensed project, he or she is going to do bad work. In fact, many artists actively seek out certain licensed projects, usually because they have some nostalgic love affair with the character. Adam Hughes, for example, is doing dynamite work on an upcoming *Indiana Jones* comic, after having called Dark Horse to *request* the assignment. Why? Because he loves the character and wants his shot at drawing it. Remember the *Space Ghost* one-shot published by Comico (in its former

Pennsylvania-based incarnation)? Remember Steve Rude's famous line? "I was born to draw Space Ghost," the Dude said. And what a magnificent job he did, too!

Dark Horse is offered countless licenses — especially so now, in light of our successful ventures with licensed books — and Mike Richardson is a discriminating soul when it comes to picking and choosing what characters to publish. Each license is chosen because it has some special aspect that particularly appeals: the strong female lead in *Aliens*, for example, or the man vs. machine mythos of *Terminator*.

One of the main bad raps against licensed comics, it seems, is that they make money! But, you know, money isn't a *bad* thing in and of itself. (This is the same editor, after all, who's always whining about a raise!) And this brings up Chris Warner's rationale for having done the first *Predator* series. There is nothing inherently wrong about doing a job for money. What *is* wrong is not doing a *worthwhile* job — and I doubt anyone would claim that Chris's work on *Predator* was anything less than spectacular. I love editing comics, but I probably wouldn't spend much time at it if I weren't being paid. One must survive — and neither food in the belly nor a roof over one's head come free.

Sadly, it is true that many artists — and I use the term loosely — have done less-than-inspiring work, some for a major portion of their lives. I suppose that's an individual decision that each of us makes about any work we do, and we each have to live with our integrity, or lack thereof. Some of us try to do the very best we can in whatever venture we undertake — though, obviously, this isn't always possible. I'll bet you don't feel passionate about selling comics each and every moment of each and every day, Charlie. Some days, and some jobs, are more inspiring than others. Perhaps there's just a limited amount of passion to go around in each person's life — what do you think?

The periodical nature of comics has, I think, resulted in much passionless work: it's the rare creator who can keep up his or her enthusiasm for a series after a hundred or more issues of working on it (Stan and Jack come to mind as exceptions, of course). Certainly, this gives grounds to Dark Horse's practice of alternating creative teams on different mini-series. The limited series, licensed or otherwise, allows the creator the freedom to tell a strong story, to invest him- or herself in the character for a finite amount of time, and then to move on to something new and exciting *before* the first project becomes stale.

Well, thanks for listening to *me* rant — and, hey, being a non-meat eater and all, I would *never* eat at Burger Thing, uh, King!

Dear Lady Di,

Ooooh! You is one nasty girl! No wonder this kickin' book is out on time! Tell the team they've done good.

Thoughts, through typewriter, via mail, by...

Scott Tilson
123 Vista Drive
Streetsville, Ontario
Canada L5M 1W2

You *is* right, Scott! (Forgive me, O great god Webster.) And any comparison to that excellent Michael Verhoeven film is most appreciated.

And then this arrived from Scott...

Dear Diana,

I've been enjoying Dark Horse's *Terminator* series, but it was basically a "no-brainer," a macho action tale that would make guns and ammo shop owners drool. Nothing wrong with that. When done well — as it is here — it's fast fun.

But the fantastic plot twist of the turning of I825.M, the cyborg spy Terminator, and the intriguingly ambiguous bits and ending in issue #4 have put this in a new light. You see, instead of simply enjoying the ride, my mind has also been thrown a few bones to chew on.

"You is one nasty girl!"

Though the ending was nothing new — twist endings have probably been around since shortly after the invention of the story — the context of it was something else. Who sent the Terminator skull to Dr. Hollister? Did the leader survive the explosion and car crash, and send the other remaining Terminator's skull? **[Yup.]** Or was it the "trauma specialist"? **[Nope.]** Did his loyalties really switch? He did betray his race in the future and conveniently didn't get to answer the question, "You ever do any terminating yourself?"

Also, maybe the effect on the future isn't all that significant, but I wonder what ramifications will come of Dr. Hollister's possession of the Terminator laser pistol in the present? He could become a very powerful man with a weapon like that.

Should you decide, you and your creative crew can pursue all of these questions at your leisure in future sequels. But then again, I now know to expect the unexpected.

Thoughts, through typewriter, via mail, by...

Scott Tilson
123 Vista Drive
Streetsville, Ontario
Canada L5M 1W2

A "no-brainer"? Now where have I heard *that* before? Is this some quaint Canadian

expression, Scott? Or have you been talking to my dad lately?

"I love the Terminator chick and her wardrobe — *hubba, hubba.*"

Dear John and Chris,

I really enjoy your *Terminator* series and have been a devoted fan since it came out. My friend Eric Martin and I have already started collecting your comics and any other paraphernalia. I love the movie, but your comic is the best — and I've seen the movie 12 times, so I know what I'm talking about.

I love the Terminator chick and her wardrobe — *hubba, hubba. Aliens* is my favorite comic but *Terminator* runs a close second, and that's pretty good when you have as many comics as I do. And on that note, I'd like to say keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
James Stambaugh
1004 Springfield Drive
Walnut Creek, CA 94598

And I *love* the use of the term "chick." Uh-huh, yup.

Dear Terminal Cases,

Recently, a local TV station showed the *Terminator* film on a Sunday night. Having nothing better to do, and wanting to see if they cut the best line as usual (they did), I watched it again.

While doing this, a horrible thought occurred to me. I don't know how or why, but it did. My thinking went something like this: if Sarah Connor had died, due to the paradoxical nature of time travel, several things would happen.

First, and most obvious, John Connor would not have been born. The Terminators would have won, and everything would have been bad — or would it?

John Connor would not have been born, so no Terminator would have had to be sent back in time to prevent the birth, and therefore Kyle Reese would not have been sent either. John still wouldn't have been born, and the time continuum would be complete.

Except that the Terminator sent to "retroactively abort" John would not have been destroyed in our era. If this happened, then no debris would have been left for the scientists to study. Without the Terminator to study, the artificial intelligence would not have been created. If the artificial intelligence had not been created, there would have been no war. Without the war, there would have been no Terminators to send back to Sarah, and so she would not have been killed.

The future, meanwhile, would go straight on. Sarah would be alive, the war would not happen, and everyone would be happy, with no one the wiser. Sure, Sarah Connor would not have met Kyle Reese (who, indeed, might never have been born) but she wouldn't know about him, and would be no worse off for the loss. John Connor would definitely not be born, but he wouldn't need to be either.

To sum: if Kyle, John, and everyone else had just let the Schwarzenegger kill Sarah, she would survive her death, and the world would be a much better place (*they* started the war).

Scary, isn't it?

Daniel Grey
55 Callister Crescent
Theodore, Canberra
ACT
2905
Australia

***Now* do you folks understand why all this time travel stuff gives me a headache?! Look, when I first saw this movie — or, at least, listened to it (I was cooking dinner while it was running on the VCR, back in the days when I had a TV) — I wound up in a huge argument with my roommate, who *was* watching the movie, for the second time at that. My problem? I don't like time travel paradoxes — and if you can't accept the paradox, the movie falls apart. You're quite right, Daniel, that the termination of Sarah Connor is sort of self-defeating, so far as our cyborg friends are concerned. Of course, one *could* suppose that if Arnold's robotic remains hadn't been left in the 20th century, the Terminators might still have been created somehow else.**

But my problem runs a little deeper. The film leaves us to presume that Kyle Reese is John Connor's father, but if John hadn't sent Kyle back to the past, then Kyle couldn't have been John's father, but then there would have been no John to send Kyle back. Clear enough?!

Let me try again. The movie presumes that a future event (namely, the existence of John Connor) takes place *before* a past event (namely, John Connor's conception) — this is the paradox I have trouble swallowing.

I suspect that the reason people often waive the time travel paradox is because we tend to think of time as a "where" and not a "when." And that's because our puny brains can't quite grok a four-dimensional concept (which time is) as easily as a three-dimensional concept (which space is). And speaking of puny brains, you've got me waxing metaphysical again, and my head is starting to hurt!

Gosh, can't you people stop throwing such intellectual curves my way? This is supposed to be *comics*, after all. So start toeing the line, will ya? And don't ask me so many damn questions!

Hubba, hubba.

— Diana Schutz